



THIS THING
JUST HAPPENED

LARS PALM

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this thing just happened

gradient books

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some of these poems were first published in *Otoliths & guerilla pamphlets*

god's steady hand
established order

easily not

that all destiny of fists
when far from may seem true

can't digest
tropical meridians

felix returns purgation
or paper borders blood

caked
swallowed

among moonbeams & the window
among the other
the impenetrable sunlight
which blinds a moment

in that quietly pressed
gently honed
blind trade-off
of this solstice

in close reality

in her amazement

for momentum of
a privileged place
in “unexpected
dr. frankenstein”

shroud

critics reread war
of western white emotion

magician's currently
distributed romance

pail on the company glow

nickelodeon in order

that eric exists when
not entirely visible

he forms judgments

we are different quantities

my universe really
exists between your head

dispassion & rage
when particles believe

this comes alone

this hour instability

you rock soil
most nomadic

fuzzy sequence
for your *yet*

this watermark

this she you know

breed called parasite

of sea-foam my own bone

you drag or tide

still the dishes
back them

busily gnawing
waters into
pieces

archipelagos

much of intellect
range from
break it
narratives as geography
culture

appearances in
futures & mammoth
territories explored

widened to militias

what gets withheld

that's one category
another enters expectation

i'm left

act

atlas maps cracks
assembling forgeries

the will not today

what or this relief

a tearing off
less permeable

oceans in a rod &
hooked flounder head

& flames crouching
between desire as
it's solution

tongued out circumstances

madcap singalong

i see him

prospective prospectus

will call once

i spun round ankles

terror dawn
by multinationals

field sellers

they'd withhold
the economy

entering a small
hopping knife they
swing ancient street

he among shattered water dripping
a liquid behind him speaking

& windshield shattered
bodies & trees

moon landing early

film marcel says in history

enter street

or the one side

fountains
twirl porno

ephraim said
prostitution

once burning
skeletal side
road

birds dressed dream
of cathedral flight

my defacto mouth
painting my teeth

she had scientists
almost when she
calculated made
measurements

out to exist the world
was measurements &
measurers that

we are eyes
calculate & things
behaving as now

wish fulfillment
puzzle

in what berlin?

busy shifting blue
incognita with
discontinuity

charting water like
will get nowhere

a globe

the other revealing

here *magna est*
in protest face
latin

overlaid a network

a magic dutch newspaper
just ahead & pushkin also

denote that description
of yet born grandson

for wavelength
the source of light

observer perspective

australian in red

the source

the red outside
predators

fox moving
vermillion rim
closer & visible

cranky racehorse

drop in
come to people

somewhere gentle too

green & black city
grown

how we stream
now vessels

leaves cover house
& that wind
pulled from a flood

physics visible in fracture

where shining
positioning systems process
trying storyboard

sidewalk dictates squares

countries interrupted
by revamping

feathers saw a pissing wind

to live leaning

others swerve

of nonsense &
possible sex

even talking anymore
can pause

hello scenario

we watch bodies
because i
happen to drink
quickly

unexpectedly gentle

& find you would hide
yet i would notice bodies

hello uniform

wall we relate to

looking soft sometimes
forgot to let spotlight in

if you are me
i like these

dear you
dear you

lately the distance
landscape displayed in distance

armpits for care

chrome apple flies

too mineral-rich cave
plus water or salt

black carpet leaves
memory

i was attacking matter

plunder the blaring wave

the trades took
back parliament
results disagree

in yokohama

often flamboyantly indeed
with fisherman & musician
he was the place

in water where
combatants dead from
thought

observed ship
transporting jellyfish
performing lilies

wheelchair interacting
to understand the dance

who would be divine
but lautr amont &
it evokes two grandchildren

amber rooms
of the city

aftermath finding august

american potsdam
evening heard “terrorist”

small village morning
lights blinking

boat north came
suddenly

finding the south

the ferries
mostly reading

look

study refuge

that far island
is abstract

to see to play
world

assert
break

say everything smiling

science thickening

black cake

extra taste

my song shot the gap

gdansk maybe

about their political
whatever

& damn squeamish

bruce says art
& what talk about eyes

in sebastopol when he
managed to lock night
said “wasn't second time”

or you see one
student who found sky

street saving
her townspeople

too intricate they
know green spite
would do the sum

when discussing
improbable morning
upon its face

thanks for our
post-traumatic stress
a practical joker

responsible torture

corruption remained a wave
speaking

a world
a street

one displaced architect
stealing nothing

genius museum swallowed
drawn paradise

nobly new order remains chaos
ideologies fucking kings

o point
o joke

physical pieces compelled sides
comprising everything

hi blasé

knives deterritorialize
hidden anchors

stoic multiplication crowds
windowless situations
sentimental imperialism
thought structure drunk

a fugue
a world

ornamental anxiety surges
tears connection
monoculture discovering graffiti

streets & moon
& greenery between
the others

most close friendships
within any presence

overbearing occupation
becomes systemic violence
the harm left
 the hand

the impresario there
the acids made the ballerina
the glass you are

you darling in wind
wet roads & pie

say nightgown
entertaining houses

point out of home
positioning the dead
consumed incompetence

sea dark
long bruise enfolds
a slide guitar

swimming
in a tree & night
walked up the thread
between
her poorer years of guilt

 context
 golf
cigarette

so we shot

& because finger
continuing not to match
the heels but also moon

we footprints run

this aqueduct is
still rented room

i like that about
not primarily
the cottage

pounds the key turning

the spirals
a throat silences kazoos
you in tower
i time repeating folds
i panic surface
walking pictures
palms forgetting surroundings

the spirals
old suspicions go
fighting things
but it pictures green
 in neon
feels as feathers
you like

the spirals
the mouth
the highway whispering
forth like purpose
a running street
literally trying to
 in place
those things love memories
but what architecture
tears your light
only the rules my dusk
you get a happy anything
your arms almost geography
bleed when the good
 good lungs
what was ocean
 but things

following pun parodizes
walk across this light &
not into the cave painting moon

give you these stereotypes
make the cop consider something
avoid shallow shadow

remember sleep

clamor with priest outside
hearts
no light from guns

he loved water
or wore white

father's son my father's
boat upon the moon

become daily eyes

this empty rent gleams
that place fallen
& part living wood

stop the bright wreck
conjugate this god

what's a man
stop

the room in me

the face as chest
then face
then wall

i open door
anything anytime
this dream everything
open

when my absence
to face the break
down between eyebrows
where clapping
only collides

disability
ability

hand mouth what carries
what head
shake off
names for disease

no english cocktail
jukebox performance
"postcolonial response"

disaster's pastime
equals its force
screaming retrospect

from infrastructure
this global & seeming
& semblance they flee

who gives & when
spills the least endless stars
 recall touch
currents evacuate the you
 the event takes name
it interrupted here

some lapse
some resource

immense rooms where
upon open ways

any sense of idiocy

newsprint dreams
lucidly

unknown vanity would
accommodate tongue

song forms neighbor's
clock

walls built to kill food

then besieged
citizens
strangers
bodies

then what remained
of teeth
then eyes
hammered nails

red ribbon was around

& clattering
they weren't
it seemed chunks
& wood

blood pressed through throat
blood soft in accident
organs began to surge

one heart
air
become still

highways inside
hops train
prison knew it

ways behind guadalupe

sycamore absence
border rain

come from journey
to my house

i'll garden layers now
know one hand

from a spectacular ox
& wheels carved
& the whole white figure

remain a dove
a variety

permanent people are
the exquisite dish

& resonant path
it seems performed

compared these dreams
in manchester
all the sounds & curious features
solar beard resembling
michigan

international reason
& swords at work
tactical environment

to develop systems
the system being
sniper rifle
snipers are designed
addition controls oxygen

tactical france
netherlands to
various palestinian

this context
manned
& ground
activities since 2004

airfield congestion
a step back

surrounded the conspirators
were back

prominent dignitaries
behind drapers
compel the
witness

where used cows
felt like revolver
shots

vagrant cameraman

smell made out
limbs of rain

followed by
honeysuckle

only example
of calendars
now wheels

source texts from;

Ars Interpres no 4/5 “Two Skies” (autumn 2005)

Aufgabe #4 (autumn 2004)

MTC Cronin *The Ridiculous Shape of Longing* (Blesok, 2005)

Susana Gardner *to stand to sea* (The Tangent Press, 2006)

Rust Buckle Issue 6 “the after issue” (summer 2005)

Elizabeth Treadwell *Cornstarch Figurine* (Dusie Press, 2006)

With+Stand 5 (2011)

the process:

take the first & last word of each line of the selected texts, write them down exactly as they stand & then, without changing the order of the words or adding anything, cut away words until the poems appear. then they may be arranged into lines & stanzas